

New Things Not Found in Any Books

How Our LAWS Will Be MADE BY ELECTRICITY

THE business of making laws for the nation is to be rendered quicker and cheaper. Both time and money are to be saved by the installation of an electric voting device in the House of Representatives at Washington.

The contrivance is the invention of Allan B. Walsh, a member of the House from New Jersey, who is an electrical engineer. It is expected to be in working order by the time Congress meets for the short session in December.

Simple enough it is. Each member has a particular seat, duly numbered, with a little box affixed to it. The box contains four buttons, marked respectively, "Yea," "Nay," "Present" and "Paired." Nobody but the proper owner can vote from this seat, because he alone possesses a key that will open the box thereunto attached.

Now, see how it works. Erected above the clerk's desk (in front of the Speaker's throne) is a sort of bulletin board, bearing the names of all the members of the House, alphabetically arranged. After each name, on the board, are two small glass disks, one red and the other blue. The red stands for "Yea" and the blue for "Nay."

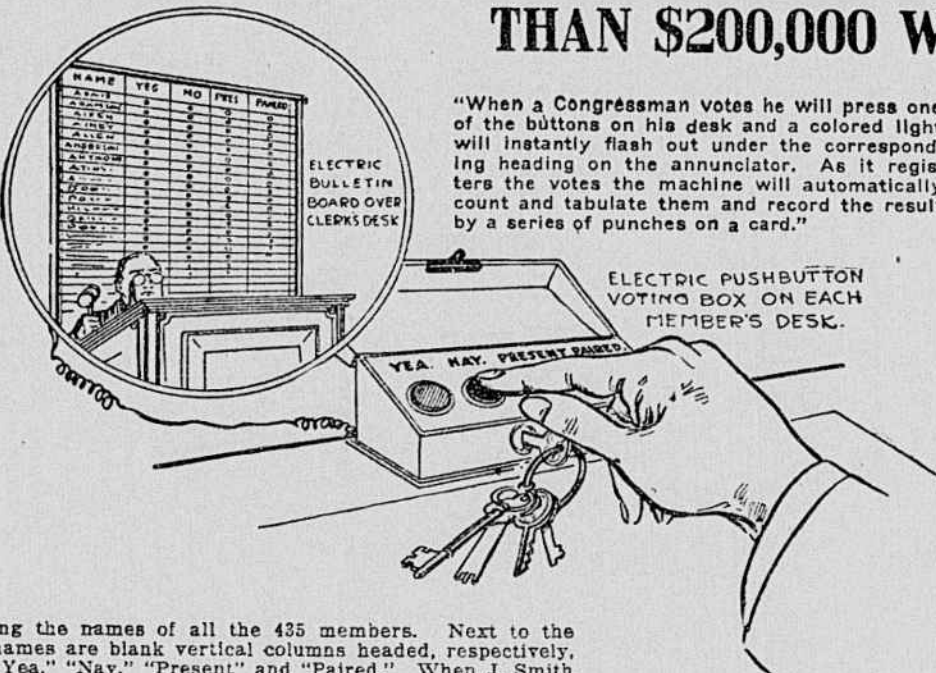
Representative J. Smith, say, is in his usual place. A vote is being taken on roll-call. When his turn comes he pushes the "Yea" button, and an electric impulse jumping from his desk causes a red light to shine out after his name on the bulletin board. If he had voted "Nay" the blue disk would have been illuminated.

Inasmuch as the bulletin board is in full view from all parts of the legislative chamber, it is known how each member has voted as soon as his vote is cast. There may, however, be several such boards or "indicators" conveying simultaneously the same intelligence. It has been suggested that one of them might appropriately be placed in the press gallery and two others at the majority and minority tables on the floor of the House—these latter conveniently adjusted beneath glass tops in order not to interfere with the use of the tables.

But this is not all. In fact, it is hardly more than incidental. The really important feature of the apparatus is a device for permanently recording the votes cast and adding them automatically at the end of each roll-call.

This device is to be close by the Speaker's throne, and is constructed somewhat like an adding machine. Into it when a roll-call is to begin is thrust a card bear-

To "RING UP" VOTES Like Coins in a Cash Register and SAVE CONGRESS MORE THAN \$200,000 WORTH OF TIME a Year



"When a Congressman votes he will press one of the buttons on his desk and a colored light will instantly flash out under the corresponding heading on the annunciator. As it registers the votes the machine will automatically count and tabulate them and record the result by a series of punches on a card."

ELECTRIC PUSHBUTTON VOTING BOX ON EACH MEMBER'S DESK.

ing the names of all the 435 members. Next to the names are blank vertical columns headed, respectively, "Yea," "Nay," "Present" and "Paired." When J. Smith presses the "Yea" button the machine punches a small round hole in the "Yea" column, or in the "Nay" column if he votes in the negative.

Before putting the card into the machine the number of the bill or resolution to be voted upon is written into a blank space on it. When the voting is finished the machine is made to indicate the totals by pressing a lever, just as is done with an ordinary adding machine. The card indicating the votes cast and the totals is then removed from the machine to be kept as an official record.

It is expected, however, that in actual practice half a dozen or more cards will be inserted together into the machine, so as to manifest the punched record, one of these to be used as the official record, and the others to be posted in the smoking rooms, press gallery, or wherever else may be deemed desirable.

To sum the matter up in a word, the machine not only makes a record of all the votes cast by automatic punches, but adds them up and states the totals. Nor, be it understood, does this interfere in any way with the other part of the performance, wherein, as already described, the red and blue signal lights are shown on the bulletin board.

One advantage of this new electric voting contrivance lies in its absolute and unerring accuracy. The present antiquated system, under which members respond by the voice to the calling of their names, is subject to frequent and annoying mistakes. Often it happens that a member finds it necessary to rectify an

error in the recording of his vote on a bill or resolution.

There is the further important advantage of time-saving. An average roll-call under the present system occupies thirty-five minutes. Under the electric plan it would consume less than ten minutes. Nowadays members often are obliged to wait half an hour before their names are reached in order to record their votes. The waste of time is very great and very foolish.

Leader Underwood says that the device here described will save \$50,000 worth of time annually. But this is doubtless an underestimate. The best way to make a reckoning on the point is to figure out the value of a Congressman's time and find out how much of it he wastes in answering roll-calls under the method now in use.

Let us suppose that an average member of Congress works ten hours a day 300 days in the year. This amounts to 3,000 hours of labor, for which (at \$7.500

a year) he gets a trifle over 4 cents a minute, or about \$2.50 an hour. Congress is not actually in session more than 250 days, perhaps, but there will be an average of at least two roll-calls per day. Assuming the unnecessary loss of time on each roll-call to be twenty-five minutes, this would mean a total loss for each Representative of 12,500 minutes per annum, with a value (at 4 cents a minute) of \$500.

But there are 435 members of the House. If all of

Why "the Truth" Has Startled Wicked Paris

By Elbert Hubbard.

(Continued from Front Page.)

Watch."

The nude in art is not new in Paris. The nude of itself will not attract the attention of the multitude. Art galleries everywhere abound with bronze, marble and canvas depicting the human form devoid of drapery.

There is something more than nudity here. The question that the onlooker asks always is: Why should the naked truth inspire such terror? What is there about beauty, strength, health and freedom that should appal people?

This brings up the dictum of Dr. Charles W. Elliot, president emeritus of Harvard, who says, "Truth is the New Virtue."

Then Dr. Elliot goes on to explain that the world resents anything to which it is not used, that the new fills us with uncertainty and alarm.

Pretense, hypocrisy, untruth abound. These things have come down the centuries clothed in purple.

Kings, princes, rulers, politicians, theologians, historians, poets have glossed the truth.

George Bernard Shaw has made the assertion that clothing is proof of our immorality. We are ashamed of our bodies and so we hide them behind drapery. We hire tailors and dressmakers to improve upon the human form divine and make good the deficiencies where nature has come tardy off.

We compress our limbs, put pressure on breathing apparatus and digestive organs, underbreathe, overeat, paint our faces in imitation of the look that good circulation gives, waddle, mince, amble, and go through life deformed, with slight appreciation of the privilege of living.

And the untruth manifested in our dress is only a symbol of the untruth that saturates our souls.

Politicians promise a thousand times more than they can ever fulfill. Preachers give us hagiology, and generations of doctors have bred in us the thought of disease. Health is the unusual.

them suffer an equal loss from this cause the total amount of money thrown away is something like \$217,500. This, in other words, is the amount which it is proposed to save by the adoption of the electric voting device.

Speaker Clark and other leaders are enthusiastically in favor of the proposed new departure. For one thing they contend that it will do away to a great extent with filibustering—a process by which a single member, demanding roll-calls on every vote, can, and often does, hold up the entire business of the House for day after day. When roll-calls take so little time there will be small profit in such efforts at delay.

We are not used to seeing bodies as magnificent and healthy and strong as that possessed by La Verite. Truth practically comes to us with the one-price system. Truth in trade is now the rule—in America, at least. We make our money out of our friends, our enemies will not trade with us. Our great merchants sell goods "money back."

The advertising clubs, which had their rise in America, are now spreading not only all over the United States, but all over the world, preach the gospel of truth. Exaggeration, pretense and untruth are being placed upon the slide.

If you wish to take this view of the wonderful picture, La Verite, then let the innocent little babe, which shares the limelight with the beautiful woman, symbol for us the new time or the new generation.

One able critic has presented this view of the proposition, that there will come a time when we will look upon the truth as natural right, beautiful and altogether lovely.

There is nothing in healthy, beautiful nature that should make us turn from her. Nature is not immodest. She is not vulgar, coarse, nor rude. Man has perverted nature, and in degree the "Fall of Man" represents an actual truth.

George Brandes, the great Danish critic and writer, who is now in America and who has been called the Emerson of Europe, says that we are emerging out of the darkness into the light, and as a race it will not be long before we are accustomed to truth, and truth will be the natural and normal instead of the peculiar, the unique and the strange.

The reason that mob of people is running away from this glorious shining figure is because she is new to them.

But, anyway, let the whole world congratulate itself that civilization is now getting on good terms with truth—this for the first time in modern history. We are moving, and we are moving in the right direction.

And let that lovely little child that shares the sunlight with the noble, beautiful figure of La Verite symbol the new time upon which we are just entering. Beauty and goodness are one.

THE MASTER CALL....By R. C. FRY

MOUNTAIN beyond mountain; valley below valley; hill-sides studded with motionless firs and dead rotting tree-trunks. Great boulder-strewn gullies, and the clear waters of a mountain stream tumbling over its rocky bed. In the foreground a cluster of rough-and-ready log huts, with the garishly painted barn, ironically termed the Golden Trail Music Saloon, prominent in their midst, made up the scene upon which Dick Warring looked so bitterly as he sat before his shanty with widely-stretched legs and head buried in his hands.

Dick Warring had looked upon that dreary, desolate scene for the last five long years now, and had seen many fresh faces occupy the wooden huts of the little township. He had watched camps of tents spring up in a night like a field of mushrooms, only to disappear in a short time with like rapidity. Now he was one of Golden Trail's oldest inhabitants, for the majority of the men who crowded the bar of the saloon at all times grew quickly tired of wooing that elusive fortune in Golden Trail; and as quickly as they had come departed elsewhere to try their luck. Here today, there tomorrow, and always filled with wild hope as they searched each hopeful of turned-up clay for what might lie concealed there.

Now for months past that call had summoned him back to the cities again; day after day it rang in his ears as he toiled heart-brokenly, digging hopelessly into the red-brown soil of Golden Trail. Around him as he worked the gruff voices of the diggers sounded above the noise of their labor. But Dick Warring, lost to all, heard them not. Instead, he heard the rush of city traffic, the whirr of motors, and the rumble of cars. Then as he scanned the soil for what his spade had brought to light, he saw instead in fancy the seeming, thronged streets and the homes of his lucky brethren who had found their life's happiness while he sweated for the pittance he dug from his "claim!"

One thing only had kept him at Golden Trail so long, and now it seemed the power of that one link was broken hopelessly, so bitter had his misery become.

Two years ago he had taken to himself a wife, a typical Canadian girl. In her being there was just a

hint of remote Indian blood that enhanced her rather than did the reverse, and Dick Warring had loved her passionately before this bitter call had come. But of late this awful, soul-destroying summons had come to him commanding him to return. So poignant was it at times that Dick would stand and curse the iron mountains and the frown-valleys that held him prisoner in Golden Trail even as he did that morning.

But, though he did not know it, he was not alone that morning in his soul's torment. A woman had long looked at him from the little window of his shanty. She had a sweet, plaintive face, weather-tanned and surmounted with a wealth of dark wavy hair, and possessed of eyes beautiful in their mystery. It had been Maggie's eyes that Dick Warring had fallen slave to when he had courted and won her in the happy past—for to Maggie the sweet, gone past had been a halcyon time beyond all doubt.

For, though Dick Warring never guessed it, the few nights when sleep came to him he dreamed and talked aloud in his restlessness of the things for which he craved so madly, and Maggie, lying silent at his side, and knowing in anguish, knowing and yet not knowing all Dick's torture.

But in the dead past months the truth had come to her, in spite of Dick Warring's efforts to hide how hateful his life had become. Maggie had seen and understood his bitterness of spirit only too well, and many times she had wept in secret at the awful thought of life without dear Dick in Golden Trail, which was all the world she knew! And there was little son Dick, too; what would become of him?

That morning, when Dick Warring had risen, as he thought, without disturbing his wife, Maggie had lain awake all the while as she had done all the night through, for Dick had been dreaming once again about those far-off cities and the whirl of life about which she had no knowledge, as he tossed restlessly from side to side under the bitter anguish of his poignant regrets. So, when dressed at last, he had gone outside to watch the dawn creep over the ridge of mountains, and to sit to think his bitterness out, she, too, had risen, and from their homelike little shack, had sat, unperceived by Dick,

with bowed head, to look out upon her husband, whose love for herself lay dead, killed forever by the magic of that cruel master call. It would have been hard to say which of the two miserable folk felt their anguish most—the one longing vainly for the Mecca of his dreams, or the other for the dear love lost to her.

It was as the township of Golden Trail awoke about Dick Warring's little shanty, with the rattle of washing pans and the sound of men's voices, when the smoke curled upward from many fires about which the sounds of cooking came, that Maggie went outside, and, without Dick's knowledge, went very close to him as he sat lost in his moody thoughts. So silently had his sorrowing love-filled wife crept to his side that he did not check the bitter trend of his outspoken thoughts.

It is to Dick Warring's credit that, had he known he was overheard by Maggie, he would sooner have bitten out his tongue than hurt her feelings with his bitterness. For he meant, in his bitter selfishness, if that luck was ever to be his, to go away as quietly as he could, just leaving a note to explain his going. Well he knew how Maggie loved him, and from that knowledge reasoned to himself that surely she would understand all he had suffered and would forgive him and forget. But he did not hear her approach, and she, with suddenly stilled heart, heard the truth of what her eyes had witnessed for months past, for Dick muttered aloud:

"O God, how I would feel for the person who helped me from this place. How I would remember him always until my life's end! With but a little luck—a golden stone and then freedom from it all; to live once more in the living world instead of enduring this pitiless existence. Toiling here day after day, lost and forgotten!"

And poor Maggie, behind him, could bear it no longer. A great sob tried to choke her as she went blindly to dear Dick's side that bitter moment.

"Dick, Dick," she whispered, hoarsely. "What do you mean? Tell me, dear Dick, what makes you so sad and different to me now. Why can't the old happy times come back once more to us—those happy days, dear Dick?"

At sound of her approach Dick Warring swung round guiltily. For

a moment he stood silent, looking at the dark head of his sorrowing wife as her small, trembling hands sought his. And then something of her bitter grief came home to him and he led her gently back to their little Western home.

"The matter, Maggie," he said in a dull, strange voice. "Oh, you wouldn't understand. It's the call of the living world lying waiting beyond the mountains and across the wide rivers; a world you know nothing of and which I, like a fool, turned my back on years ago! There, there, Maggie, let's have some food before I start the old work once more."

Breakfast that morning was a cheerless meal, as it always was now. The long-drawn-out breakfasts of long ago had gone with the vanished love. Now even little chubby Dick, their son, could not bring a smile to his father's face, so obsessed was Dick Warring by the dream of the world he had left.

"I'm going across to the track," he said listlessly. "Old Jefferson will be on the coach, and he's got some stuff for me. Back soon, Maggie," and with a little nod left the shanty with a careworn face.

Little Dick followed him out, and from the window Maggie saw her husband leave the child sitting contentedly by the side of a newly started hole, which he had commenced digging the day before. Dick Warring had shown his little son how to drop the "cruel" big stones into the holes. But though little Dick never understood why his father should call the pretty quartz stones "cruel," he liked the pastime hugely, and was always at his game playing with the stones.

As she watched dully, Maggie could not forget her husband's words that morning. Moving listlessly about the little home, which love had so cruelly deserted, she heard them again and again echo in her overwrought brain. Dick—dear Dick—longed to escape from it all; longed to leave Golden Trail and herself forever! She and little Dick would be left alone! She could not realize what life would be without him. What would have come to him, she wondered dully, but could not answer her innate question. Even as Dick Warring said, she did not understand the sweet call of the great world of which she did not know.

For to Maggie, Dick and his love made Golden Trail all that was.

made Golden Trail all that was to be desired from this world. Why could not he be once again be happy, care-free Dick of long ago?

She saw that little Dick had left the hole his father had worked on yesterday, and was playing near a shallow, worked-out trench further off. Maggie, with a great ache at her heart, went across to him, eager to hear his childish voice speak of his game. And then, suddenly, as she came closer to him, she broke into a swift run, staring with wide eyes at what the child held in his little fist. With a laugh of glee little Dick held up the big, dirty yellow stone for his mother to see, crying happily:

"Mother, look at this pretty stone."

But without a word Maggie took it wildly from him, looking at it with staring eyes, a great pain at her breast.

Dick, little Dick, their son, had found it; his little fist had found his father's longed-for release; had brought to Dick Warring at last that freedom from Golden Trail. For a solid nugget of gold lay in Maggie's open palm, that golden stone for which her husband had searched for—madly prayed for—in the past months as day after day he slaved on the hard soil of his claim. And Fate had cruelly destined her son should find that which was the key to the barrier mountains for her loved husband, and with Dick's going surely her own heart would break!

As if in answer to her thoughts, her eyes sought the mountain stream which ran noisily through Golden Trail. She had but to drop the dirty yellow stone within its depths to know that Dick, her dear-loved Dick, would be with her, perhaps forever! Why should she give him up? Why was this trial put to her, she moaned, in anguish too bitter to be described.

And little Dick, playing contentedly with the big, "cruel" stones, knew not the bitterness he had given his mother then, or even wondered why she stood so long in silence and so very still.

And as he played he caught at her dress as the wind blew it about him, and Maggie looked down quickly at the child. Her son looked up from his game with laughter-lit face, and Maggie found herself looking at her child's eyes, gray and pleading even as Dick, her husband, had been in the halcyon past. With a great

moaning cry Maggie fell on her knees at her little son's side, blinded with the tears that filled her eyes.

"Oh, Dick, little Dick!" she moaned in anguish, and caught the child to her breast.

It was a frightened-face little Dick that stared wonderingly at her as she released him from her wild love embrace, and, seeing the look in the child's eloquent eyes, Maggie cried with an attempt at cheerfulness more pitiful than one can guess:

"There, little Dick, never mind your mother to-day. Run and drop this pretty stone in the hole; the one father dug yesterday, dear."

With a little laugh of glee Dick ran as he was told to do her bidding, little knowing how his innocent eyes had given his father that freedom for which he craved. And Maggie, with full heart, went swiftly into the shanty, not daring to think of what would happen when Dick found that great precious stone.

Dinner came and went, and still Dick Warring had not returned to his shanty. The afternoon wore on, and the sun had commenced to sink in a golden glory behind the hill tops in the west when Maggie, leaving little Dick asleep in his bed, sat down to her work with aching head that bitter evening. Dully she wondered if Dick had found the golden nugget, and had already gone, passing out of her life without a word of farewell, in answer to the call which was his. So bitter had her thoughts been that she had not dared to look out of the window while the light lasted, lest she would see him at work; watch him find that golden stone, and leave the claim on the outward trail before her eyes. And she knew he would not need to dig. It lay there at his hand, for little Dick had left it where it had fallen, and had then gone back to his game, where she had found him that morning.

And now the dusk of evening fell, and little Dick lay sleeping in happy ignorance of all. And her husband—Maggie bent on her work, not daring to think.

Then suddenly she realized the hopelessness of it all. In her hands she held a worsted stocking that needed darning. It was one of dear Dick's, and she had picked it up, not thinking of the bitterness that the day had brought to her. What was the use, she whispered, gazing down at that well-worn footgear,

And then her poor head fell on her hands upon the table, and great sobs shook her frame pitifully as she wept.

In her grief she did not heed the soft opening of the door. It went unnoticed by the grief-stricken woman sobbing in her soul's torment alone in the once so happy home. And Dick Warring with a great light in his clear gray eyes, now so different from what they had been of late, stood still for a moment, looking at her bowed head with overwhelming feelings in his heart. A slight sound as he advanced toward her made Maggie glance up, and as if watching some phantom form, she saw Dick standing there before her.

For a moment she did not understand, but could only stare. And then she whispered madly:

"Dick! Dick! you have come back?"

Behind him through the open door the western sky was aflame with the reflection from the already vanished sun, and to Maggie it seemed that Dick stepped toward her from a setting of glorious light.

"Maggie," he whispered tremblingly, "you brave little woman; I saw all this morning—saw how you fought within your soul, and gave me back my freedom in the end, sending little Dick, our little Dick, to give me my luck, so that I should think the luck indeed mine."

He came to her side and held her lovingly.

"I've made all arrangements this afternoon," he said softly. "And now—"

At that Maggie looked up at him with tear-filled eyes.

"And now," she asked in a whisper, a great hope suddenly forming in her heart as she searched Dick's transformed face.

"Why, little Maggie," he cried, "we will all leave together, you and I, and our little Dick. Before this morning I—I didn't understand all, Maggie. I thought too much of myself, thought you would not care so very much, and that!"

But Maggie, with a little glad cry, stopped him then.

"And I thought you had gone," she said fearfully.

And as love, stronger than ever before, crept back to both, Dick Warring, for the first time for many months, forgot the world lying beyond the mountains and its mad, haunting call.